THE NEW ELDORADO

BY

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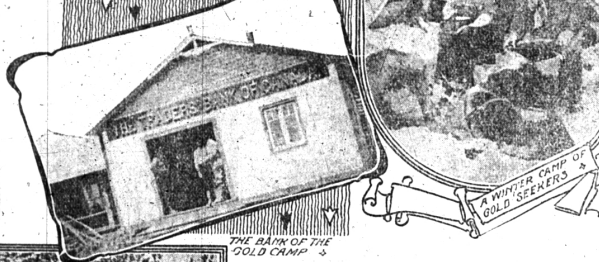
A STREET IN THE PERMANENT SETTLEMENT

A MOTEL IN THE NEW EL DORADO



A WINTER CAMP OF GOLD SEEKERS

THE BANK OF THE GOLD CAMP

THE "DOME," 550 FEET LONG, 400 TO 800 FEET WIDE AND 30 TO 50 FEET HIGH

In the summer of 1909, when gold was discovered in the Porcupine Lake mining district of Canada, about 500 miles north of Toronto, the region was so inaccessible and the conditions of life were so hard that nothing except the lure of gold could have brought white men to the spot. Everywhere was a trackless, low-lying forest. Perhaps it would be more nearly accurate to say that everywhere was a great marsh filled with trees. In the winter the temperature dropped to 60 degrees below zero and the snow rose to the forest branches. In the summer there was a pest of insects. Poisonous black flies—almost invisible because of their smallness—buzzed all the day. At night the black flies laid off and the mosquitoes came on. There was never a summer hour, by day or night, when a human being could have lived at peace; when his face would not have been stinging; when his swollen features would not have made him grotesque.

But few had ever suffered, because there were only a few to suffer. Only an occasional trapper ever penetrated the wilderness. The prospector had not come, because the prospector, as a rule, goes only where mountains beckon. The prospector did not know that mountains, like teeth, may wear off until only their roots remain. Nor did the prospector know that, in the great dentistry of nature, these mountain roots are sometimes filled with gold and silver, nickel and iron.

Yet such is the fact. When the world was young a mountain range extended from Minnesota, across Ontario, to Labrador. Nobody but geologists make the statement with confidence. They say these mountains were the oldest mountains on the continent; that they were old when the Rockies were yet unformed; that the glacial drift and the disintegrating effects of untold millions of years of heat and cold have worn them away until only the "roots" remain; and they point to the roots as proof of their theory.

The roots are there. Anybody can see them. Some of them are below the surface, some are above. Over most of the roots are a few feet of earth, but, here and there, a huge shoulder of rock thrusts itself above the surface; here and there a great ledge plows its way through the forests and then disappears in the marsh; and nowhere can one dig far without coming to rock.

A singular incident explains, perhaps, why these mountain roots were not permitted to remain untouched for another hundred million years. The incident had its inspiration in politics. The Ontario government felt that it was losing strength with the farmers. Wise men in the ministry looked around to see what could be done. The farmers in the "clay belt" had been clamoring for a railroad. The ministry decided that it would be good politics to give it to them. So it was decided to build a railroad from North bay, on the shores of Lake Nipissing, to connect with the great transcontinental line, under construction farther north.

It was while this railroad was building that Fred La Rose, a member of the construction gang, blasted his way into an old mountain root, made himself rich, made Cobalt, made more than a score of multimillionaires and caused Canada, which had produced almost no silver, to produce 13 per cent. of the world's output. Two men, in six days, trundled out $50,000 worth of silver with a wheelbarrow. As an indirect result Sudbury became the world's chief producer of nickel.

All of which seemed to be against the rules made and provided by nature. Canada had never been known as a silver country. Near Cobalt there was nothing on the surface to indicate that silver might be near. But no eye had seen below the surface. No mind had dreamed of the gold and silver filled roots of worn-off mountains. An explanation was required—and geologists who examined the formations gave it.

The geological assurance that the entire region might be sprinkled with precious metals quickly caused the country around Cobalt to be prospected. But prospecting in forest-covered marshes does not proceed rapidly. Not until the summer of 1909 did prospectors push 250 miles northward, to the region of Porcupine lake.

There is about as much uncertainty with regard to who first discovered gold in Porcupine as there is with regard to who discovered America. George Bannerman, however, appears to be the Columbus of the occasion. Bannerman, an old prospector, in July, 1909, scraped the moss from a bit of the surface of a projecting rock and saw wet flakes of shining gold starting up at him from the quartz. But the first great discovery was made by a gang of prospectors headed by Jack Wilson. Wilson, or one of his subordinates—no two reports on this point are alike—found the great "Dome" that bears Wilson's name. The "Dome" is a ridge of rock, 550 feet long, 40 to 80 feet wide, 20 to 30 feet above ground, and no one yet knows how deep, that is heavily laden with gold. Pull the moss from it anywhere and there is gold.

Nothing in the history of gold mining better illustrates the eccentricities of gold miners than the discovery of the "Dome." The discovering party consisted of three men, headed by Jack Wilson. The expedition was financed by a Chicago man named Edwards, who was engaged in the manufacture of lighting fixtures. Edwards was to put up all the money in return for a half interest in anything that might be discovered. Wilson was to have a quarter interest and each of the other two an eighth.

For several weeks they prospected, first to the east of Porcupine lake, in Whitney township, then to the west, in Tisdale township. They found gold and staked some claims. But the great "Dome," although they camped, some of the time, within sight of it, almost escaped them. It was finally discovered, according to the story that is generally believed, only because one of Wilson's subordinates stumbled across it. He was not a miner, knew nothing about geology, but did know enough to scrape off moss. Also, he had eyes. When the moss was off he could not help seeing the gold. The great ridge that was henceforth to be known as the "Wilson Dome" had been found. Stakes were driven and claim laid, to the huge boulder.

Perhaps the most remarkable story, however, that has come out of the Porcupine was told by a prospector named "Bill" Woodney.

A mining man whom I believe to be reliable told me that Bill came to him one day and showed him a remarkably rich piece of gold quartz, at the same time asking him where he supposed it came from.

"Not from anywhere in Canada," was the reply. "I thought you would say that," was the comment, "but you are wrong."

Then "Bill" told his story.

He said the quartz was given to him by a widow. Her husband had been accidentally killed a short time before she gave it to him. The widow told him that the quartz came from a vein near Lake Abitibi, a frigid sheet of water up toward Hudson's bay, 300 miles north of Cobalt. Her husband and two other men whom she named had found the vein. They had not staked their claims and registered them with the government at Toronto, because such registration would have been a notification to the world that they had found gold in the region. Winter was near when the discovery was made and they wanted to return in the spring.

prospect the country thoroughly and stake out everything in sight.

During the following winter the husband of the woman who was so soon to become a widow was seriously injured in a mill. In a few days he realized that death was near. He sent for the two prospectors who had accompanied him to Lake Abitibi. They came.

"Boys," said he, "I guess I've got to die. I can't go back with you in the spring to stake the claims. I want you to promise me that if I die you will give the old woman a third of what we found last year."

The men promised. The wife heard them. But she didn't believe them.

The widow had told Bill who the men were. He knew them. He knew where they were working. Bill hired out in the same place. In the course of a few weeks one of them told him that they were going to quit at a certain time in the spring and take a long canoe and hunting trip in the country far to the north.

That was good enough clew for Bill. Two weeks before the announced time for the men to start Woodney quit his job, packed his kit and started for Lake Abitibi himself.

When he reached the lake he drew his canoe from the water, hid it in the "bush," as Canadians call a forest, and prepared to wait.

On the eighth day of his vigil, as he was peering out of the bushes he saw the sight that he had waited so long to see. Down the placid river came two canoes, cutting their ways through the cool waters and leaving flatiron wakes in the rear.

Late in the afternoon Bill saw the two specks disappear in what seemed to be an inlet.

The first night there was no fire. But the next day Bill saw a blue spiral of smoke curling from the bushes back of the lake.

For five days and nights the fires burned. Then there was no more fire, day or night. Evidently the men had gone. Bill wanted to be sure, so he waited three more days. Then he went down to the lake where his canoe was hidden, put it into the water, took pains to observe that there was on the lake no sign of human life, then slowly paddled his way along the shore, looking for the inlet.

Bill was paddling as quietly as he could when, at the "knuckle" of the water finger—a point where the inlet was not more than 50 feet wide—he suddenly saw on the left bank—the two prospectors! The next instant one of them threw an ax at Bill's canoe that all but cut it in two and sunk it as quickly as a mine could sink a battleship.

Woodney doesn't know yet why he is alive. He seemed to have no chance to live. It was two against one and the one was in the water. So were his food, his weapons and his tools. If he were not murdered during the next second it seemed certain that he would starve during the next month. Not that he thought out all of these things while he was sinking. He thought out nothing. All he did was to act first and think afterward. A few strokes with his hands and a few kicks with his feet put him against the bank. No rabbit ever took a trail faster than Bill took to the brush.

The rest of this story can be told in short sentences. Hunger, within the next forty-eight hours drove Woodney into the very camp of the men who would have slain him. He crept up to them late at night, and stole their food. He could not steal much at a time, but he stole enough to keep him alive. He stole not once, but three times. The next time he went to steal they were not there. They had pulled up camp and gone, bag and bag gage. He took his life in his hands the next day and went down to see the claims they had staked. He didn't find a stick or a sign of a claim. He couldn't even find anything himself that seemed worth claiming.

The prospectors never returned. Whether they were upset and drowned in one of the many rapids; whether they fell to fighting and killed each other, no one knows. Nor have they ever filed a claim to ore bodies along Lake Abitibi.

Where He Saw Lincoln

Among those who stood up in the Carnegie hall audience at New York when Dr. William Goodell Frost, president of Berea college, wanted to ascertain how many persons of those present had seen Abraham Lincoln, was a man whose neighbor said when he had resumed his place: "You must have been pretty young at the time." "Not so very," replied the man. "I was a little boy when I saw Mr. Lincoln ride up State street in Albany, standing in a carriage, bowing to the people. Mayor Thacher and Senator Ferry were with him. He stopped over at Albany on his way to be inaugurated. I was a much larger boy when I joined the great line in State street which moved slowly up the hill to the capitol, where the people had a chance to look upon the body of the dead president."

Peaceful Town of Newton, N. J.

From a constabulary viewpoint the citizens of Newton, N. J., are living in an actual Utopia, and no free are they from the usual suburban offenders that barred doors or locks are unknown.

In looking through the village archives an early volume chronicles an attempted robbery in the town store, and some horse-loving citizen was reprimanded for cutting a street corner, but since then the police blotter has not known the touch of ink. As a consequence, the constabulary force of two men has been abandoned.

Poultry Raising.

"Did you ever get mixed up with any get rich quick literature?"

"Only once when I got a book on how to raise chickens."—Washington Star.

MUST BE PERFECTION

SALAD NEVER A DISH THAT CAN BE SLIGHTED.

Clear Judgment and Much Care for This Absolutely Indispensable Adjunct of the Modern Dinner Table.

Among the luxuries of our bills of fare there is not one that is more appreciated by everyone than a well-made salad; there is no department of cooking that demands clearer judgment in making and serving than this same salad; while all kinds, from the richest to the simplest, depend on the materials selected and their wise combination.

All salads should be served very cold and long standing injures them. Therefore make the dressing and place it near the ice in the cooler before preparing the salad proper. When ready to serve, chill the bowl and the individual salad plate if you would have your salad at its best.

Bread and butter sandwiches or Boston brown bread thinly sliced and delicately spread with fresh butter and filled with a shredded lettuce leaf sprinkled with ground nuts may be served with any salad. But with lobster, shrimp or fish salad, "brunettes" are the proper caper; they are made from the white bread and butter sandwiches filled with Neufchatel and minced cress. Mutton sandwiches are liked with vegetable salads. They are seasoned with herbs, as mint, pepper grass, celery, salt, curry and minced pickles.

For potato salad prepare cheese straws, or spread graham bread with a mixture of snappy cheese and the hard boiled yolk of eggs and seasoning. The home-made cheese straws are far better than the made ones, that are sold in cartons, and will keep as well; they may be reheated just before using.

Miss Grauel's recipe for cheese straws: These are particularly nice, and, if cut evenly, look dainty. Grate three tablespoonfuls of dry, highly seasoned cheese, to it put one-half pint of sifted flour seasoned with salt and paprika; rub together with a tablespoon of butter and cold water as for pastry. Turn onto the floured baking-board and roll out thin. Cut half the paste into straws and the rest into rings. Bake until yellow and crisp in a moderate oven and serve with the straws laid in the rings.

Rich and elaborate salads are served as a course by themselves, but when a salad is to accompany a meat course, it should be simple in character and served on individual salad plates. Very often the salad is placed on such plates and the dressing passed with it on a separate boat or bowl; this manner has much to commend it.

With duck, rich fish and water fowl, acid salads are served. These are made with a good allowance of lime, lemon juice or Tarragon vinegar. Cheese is passed with all green salads and black coffee and saltines go with all scorpinate.

Sweet drinks, as punch and fruit drinks, are never served with fruit or sweet salad.

Stuffed Cabbage.

Choose a firm, solid white cabbage, remove the outer leaves, and with a very sharp knife remove entirely the heart. Put it into cold water and let it slowly come to the boiling point and scald ten minutes. Remove onto a kitchen platter, and when the first heat passes off place a green pepper stuffed with a little highly seasoned force meat, carefully raise some of the leaves, and put some of the force meat between them. Add a dash of pepper and salt and cover with a cheesecloth binder. Place it now in a stewpan with a bunch of sweet herbs, a clove, a pint of stock and water enough to cover it. When slowly boiled until very tender, but not all to pieces, drain carefully. Strain and thicken as much of the gravy as will be needed, pour over the cabbage and serve garnished with parsley and beet roses.

Wash Handkerchiefs.

Delicate handkerchiefs can be washed easily at home, and careful handling causes them to wear much longer than when they are laundered in a city laundry. Wet them, rub with good white soap and soak in tepid water over night. Squeeze out and place in a small enameled pan. Cover with cold water and half teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil slowly, pour into a basin, add cold water and squeeze out all the soap. Immerse in clear, tepid water and rinse about in this. Then press out the water, tinged with blue. Leave for half an hour, squeeze and dip into a light stiffening. Squeeze and roll carefully each handkerchief in a towel. Then iron with a moderately hot iron.

Philadelphia Ice Cream.

Allow a quarter of a good vanilla bean and seven ounces of sugar to each quart of cream. Split the bean in halves, scrape out the seeds and mix them with the sugar. Cut the pod into small pieces, add to it one-half the cream, add the sugar and stir in a double boiler over the fire until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved and the cream hot. Strain and stand aside to cool. When cold add the remaining cream, turn the mixture into the freezing can, pack and turn rapidly until the mixture begins to freeze, keeping the motion perfectly even. Turn more slowly for a few moments, remove the dasher, repack and stand aside for two hours to mellow.

A Novel Relish.

Guests at an informal luncheon were at first puzzled by a dainty looking relish brought on with the meat. Not until tasted was the secret revealed, when they discovered that the crisp, brown little tubes, about two inches in length, were of celery. Large, firm stalks were chosen, and after being cut were dipped in egg and cracker crumbs, fried in deep fat or sauteed in butter, and were served with a brown sauce. In the original instance this vegetable was served with fowl. It is also nice with fish, creamed in the chafing dish with oysters, etc.

WEAK BACKS MADE STRONG.

Backache in most cases is kidney ache, and usually accompanied by irregularities of the urine. To remove the pain and weakness, you must cure the kidneys. Do so with Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Rosa Weinmann, 1927 Greenwood Terrace, Chicago, Ill., says: "So intense were the rheumatic pains in my back, I felt like screaming. They gradually became more severe until they ran all over my body. I could not sleep and could hardly move. I steadily grew worse until I could scarcely open or close my hands. No relief was obtained until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I felt better and ere long the pain left."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

To Incline Toward Mercy.

Jim had been far from a good boy during the day and toward nightfall he realized the fact fully. Being well acquainted with the workings of family discipline, he assayed a little diplomacy.

"Shall you tell father about me?" he inquired of his mother.

"Certainly I shall tell him," responded his mother, with sorrowful firmness.

"Shall you tell him before dinner or after dinner?" asked the culprit.

"After dinner," was the announcement.

"Mother," and Jim gave a wiggle of anticipation, "couldn't you have a blueberry pudding for his dessert? Couldn't you do that much for me, mother?"—Youth's Companion.

Brought the Tears.

An unusual incident marked a recent fire in New York. The fire started in the cellar of a five story tenement and before it was extinguished the 18 families in the building and all the firemen were weeping copiously from inflamed eyes. In the cellar many bags of onions had been stored. The chief fireman allowed the tenants to remain in the building, assuring them that the fire was confined to the cellar. They did not stay, however, when the onions had got well afire.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Matter of Size.

Wife—I want a cap, please, for my husband.

Shopkeeper—Yes, madam. What size does he wear?

Wife—Well, I really forget. His collars are size sixteen, though I expect he'd want about size eighteen or twenty for a cap, wouldn't he?

You will sneeze; perhaps feel chilly. You think you are catching cold. Don't wait until you know it. Take a dose of Hamlins Wizard Oil and you just can't catch cold.

A Ruling Passion.

"Uncle Pinchpenny spent a great deal of time at the home of George Washington."

"Yes. He couldn't be persuaded to stop looking for that dollar George is said to have thrown across the Potomac."

WHEN RUBBERS BECOME NECESSARY

And your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, is just the thing to use. Try it for Breaking in New Shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. *Don't accept any substitute.*

To render your neighbor a service willingly shows generosity of your character; to preserve silence over it, the grandeur of your soul.—Puysieux.

Garfield Tea corrects constipation, cleanses the system and purifies the blood. Good health is maintained by its use.

Every man is a comer until he reaches a certain age—then he's a goer.

LIVED LONG WITHOUT EATING

Men and Animals Have Made Some Remarkable Fasts a Matter of Record.

The record for fasting, so far as humanity is concerned, is held by Granie, a French murderer, who determined to starve himself to death, and from the day of his arrest refused to eat. In spite of every effort on the part of his warders, who daily tried tempting him to eat by placing the most dainty meals in his cell and when that failed, attempted feeding him by force, he held out for 62 days, at the end of which time he died. Up to then, the longest authenticated fast on record was that accomplished by Giovanni Succi, who fasted at the Royal Aquarium, London, for 45 days. But these records sink into insignificance when compared with the fat pig of Dover, enshrined in Dr. W. B. Carpenter's "Manual of Physiology." This pig weighed 160 pounds and was entombed for 160 days by the fall of a portion of the chalk cliffs. When dug out it weighed only 40 pounds, but to the surprise of its owner was alive.

No doubt the mind cure is all right—if you have the mind to begin with.

30 ft. Bowels—

Biggest organ of the body—the bowels—and the most important. It's got to be looked after—neglect means suffering and years of misery. CASCARETS help nature keep every part of your bowels clean and strong—then they act right—means health to your whole body.

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—a million boxes a month.

The Farmer's Son's Great Opportunity

Why wait for the old farm to become your inheritance? Begin now to prepare for it. Get a farm of your own in the Province of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, Western Canada, where a grain growing country unsurpassed in the world—a million bushels in a single district—and as comfortable prices.

Now's the Time—but a year from now, when you see the profits secured from the abundant crops of Wheat, Oats and Barley, as well as cattle raising, by the pioneers who settled there this year, but the minimum of settlers left, you will be sorry you did not go. You can get your share of the large crops. Many farmers have sold from one quarter section of the area and paid for the whole farm and improvements. Fine climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates, wood and water everywhere, healthy and delightful.

For pamphlet "Last Best West," particulars as to suitable location, Single Fare Colonist Rates, Certificate of Information, Descriptive Pamphlet, etc., write to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to Canadian Government Agent.

M. V. McInnes, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, or C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Use address nearest you.

ABSORBINE

Removes Bursal Enlargements, Thickenings, Swollen Tendons, Bruises, Puffs, Wens or Varicosities. Allays pain and inflammation. Heals Boils, Carbuncles, Poisonous Sores. Does not blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. Pleasant to use. $2 a bottle, delivered. Book "Evidence" Free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful, Swollen, Veins, Wounds, Bruises, Strains, Gouty or Rheumatic Deposits, Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. $1 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses the scalp and prevents dandruff. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. at druggists.

Readers

of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

FOR SALE—Moving picture film. I rent per reel. Machines $60. H. DAVIS, Watertown, Wis.

Discouraged

The expression occurs so many times in letters from sick women, "I was completely discouraged." And there is always good reason for the discouragement. Years of pain and suffering. Doctor after doctor tried in vain. Medicines doing no lasting good. It is no wonder that the woman feels discouraged.

Thousands of these weak and sick women have found health and courage regained as the result of the use of

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It establishes regularity, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures weakness.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL.

Refuse substitutes offered by unscrupulous druggists for this reliable remedy.

Sick women are invited to consult *by letter, free.* All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to World's Dispensary, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Pres't, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

For Bilious Attacks

Here is help for you. Your bilious attacks may be both prevented and relieved, but prevention is better than cure. The means are at your hand. When a dull headache, furred tongue, yellow cast to the eyes, inactive bowels, dizziness, or a sick stomach, warn you of a coming bilious attack, resort at once to

BEECHAM'S PILLS

which act almost instantly on the liver and bowels, and quickly regulate the flow of bile. A few doses of Beecham's Pills will correct the stomach, put the blood in order, relieve headache and tone the entire system.

For over sixty years, on land and sea, Beecham's Pills, by their safe and thorough action on the stomach, bile and bowels, have maintained their world-wide reputation as

The Best Bile Medicine

Boxes 10c. and 25c., with full directions.